

Actus Secundus.

Enter Brutus in his Orchard.

Brut. What Lucius, hoe?
I cannot, by the progresse of the Starres,
Giue guesse how neere to day. Lucius, I say?
I would it were my fault to sleepe so foundly.
When Lucius, when? awake, I say: what Lucius?

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my Lord?
Brut. Get me a Taper in my Study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my Lord. Exit.
Brut. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personall cause, to spurne at him,
But for the generall. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question?
It is the bright day, that brings forth the Adder,
And that craues warie walking: Crowne him that,
And then I graunt we put a Sting in him,
That at his will he may doe danger with.
Th'abuse of Greatnesse, is, when it dis-joynes
Remorse from Power: And to speake truth of Caesar,
I haue not knowne, when his Affections sway'd
More then his Reason. But 'tis a common prooffe,
That Lowlynesse is young Ambitions Ladder,
Whereto the Climber vpward turnes his Face:
But when he once attaines the vpmost Round,
He then vnto the Ladder turnes his Backe,
Lookes in the Clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Caesar may;
Then least he may, preuent. And since the Quarrell
Will beare no colour, for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would runne to these, and these extremities:
And therefore thinke him as a Serpents egge,
Which hatch'd, would as his kinde grow mischieuous;
And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The Taper burneth in your Closet, Sir:
Searching the Window for a Flint, I found
This Paper, thus seal'd vp, and I am sure
It did not lye there when I went to Bed.

Giues him the Letter.

Brut. Get you to Bed againe, it is not day:
Is not to morrow (Boy) the first of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Brut. Looke in the Calender, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir. Exit.

Brut. The exhalations, whizzing in the ayre,
Giue so much light, that I may reade by them.

Opens the Letter, and reades.

Brutus thou sleepest; awake, and see thy selfe:
Shall Rome, &c. speake, strike, redresse.
Brutus, thou sleepest; awake.
Such instigations haue bene often dropt,
Where I haue tooke them vp:
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand vnder one mans awe? What Rome?
My Ancestors did from the streetes of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a King.
Speake, strike, redresse. Am I entreated

To speake, and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redresse will follow, thou receiuest
Thy full Petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fiftene dayes.

Brut. 'Tis good. Go to the Gate, some body knocks:
Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar,
I haue not slept.

Betweene the acting of a dreadfull thing,
And the first motion, all the Interim is
Like a Phantasma, or a hideous Dreame:
The Genius, and the mortall Instruments
Are then in councill; and the state of a man,
Like to a little Kingdome, suffers then
The nature of an Insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your Brother Cassius at the Doore,
Who doth desire to see you.

Brut. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are moe with him.

Brut. Doe you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their Eares,
And halfe their Faces buried in their Cloakes,
That by no meanes I may discouer them,
By any marke of fauour.

Brut. Let 'em enter:

They are the Faction. O Conspiracie,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous Brow by Night,
When euils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou finde a Cauerne darke enough,
To maske thy monstrous Visage? Seek none Conspiracie,
Hide it in Smiles, and Affabilitie:
For if thou path thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus it selfe were dimme enough,
To hide thee from preuention.

Enter the Conspirators, Cassius, Caska, Decius,
Cinna, Metellus, and Trebonius.

Cass. I thinke we are too bold vpon your Rest:
Good morrow Brutus, doe we trouble you?

Brut. I haue bene vp this howre, awake all Night:
Know I these men, that come along with you?

Cass. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your selfe,
Which every Noble Roman beares of you.

This is Trebonius.

Brut. He is welcome hither.

Cass. This, Decius Brutus.

Brut. He is welcome too.

Cass. This, Caska; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus
Cymb.

Brut. They are all welcome.

What watchfull Cares doe interpose themselves
Betwixt your Eyes, and Night?

Cass. Shall I entreat a word? They whisper.

Decius. Here lyes the East: doth not the Day breake
heere?

Cask. No.

Cin. Opardon, Sir, it doth; and yon grey Lines,
That fret the Clouds, are Messengers of Day.

Cask. You shall confesse, that you are both decei'd:
Heere, as I point my Sword, the Sunne arises,
Which is a great way growing on the South,

Weigh-

Weighing the youthfull Season of the yeare,
Some two moneths hence, vp higher toward the North
He first presents his fire, and the high East
Stands as the Capitoll, directly heere.

Brut. Giue me your hands all ouer, one by one.

Cass. And let vs sweare our Resolution.

Brut. No, not an Oath: if not the Face of men,

The sufferance of our Soules, the times Abuse;

If these be Motiues weake, breake off betimes,

And euery man hence, to his idle bed:

So let high-fighted Tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by Lottery. But if these

(As I am sure they do) beare fire enough

To kinde Cowards, and to Steele with valour

The melting Spirits of women. Then Countrymen,

What neede we any spurre, but our owne cause,

To pricke vs to redresse? What other Bond,

Then secret Romans, that haue spoke the word,

And will not palter? And what other Oath,

Then Honesty to Honesty ingag'd,

That this shall be, or we will fall for it.

Swear Priests and Cowards, and men Cautelous

Old feeble Carrions, and such suffering Soules

That welcome wrongs: Vnto bad causes, sweare

Such Creatures as men doubt; but do not staine

The euen vertue of our Enterprize,

Nor th'insuppressiue Mettle of our Spirits,

To thinke, that or our Cause, or our Performance

Did neede an Oath. When euery drop of blood

That euery Roman beares, and Nobly beares

Is guilty of a feuerall Bastardie,

If he do breake the smallest Particel

Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cass. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?

I thinke he will stand very strong with vs.

Cask. Let vs not leaue him out.

Cyn. No, by no meanes.

Metel. O let vs haue him, for his Siluer haire

Will purchase vs a good opinion:

And buy mens voyces, to commend our deeds:

It shall be sayd, his iudgement rul'd our hands,

Our youths, and wildenesse, shall no whit appeare,

But all be buried in his Gravity.

Brut. O name him not; let vs not breake with him,

For he will neuer follow any thing

That other men begin.

Cass. Then leaue him out.

Cask. Indeed, he is not fit.

Decius. Shall no man else be toucht, but onely Caesar?

Cass. Decius well vrg'd: I thinke it is not meet,

Marke Antony, so well belou'd of Caesar,

Should out-loue Caesar, we shall finde of him

A shrew'd Contriuer. And you know, his meanes

If he improue them, may well stretch so farre

As to annoy vs all: which to preuent,

Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

Brut. Our course will seeme too bloody, Caius Cassius,

To cut the Head off, and then hacke the Limbes:

Like Wrath in death, and Enuy afterwards:

For Antony, is but a Limbe of Caesar.

Let's be Sacrificers, but not Butchers Caius:

We all stand vp against the spirit of Caesar,

And in the Spirit of men, there is no blood:

O that we then could come by Caesars Spirit,

And not dismember Caesar! But (alas)

Caesar must bleed for it. And gentle Friends,

Let's kill him Boldly, but

Let's carue him, as a Dish

Not hew him as a Carcass

And let our Hearts, as sub

Stiue vp their Seruants to

And after seeme to chide

Our purpose Necessary, as

Which so appearing to th

We shall be call'd Purger

And for Marke Antony, th

For he can do no more th

When Caesars head is off.

Cass. Yet I feare him,

For in the ingrafted loue

Brut. Alas, good Cassi

If he loue Caesar, all that

Is to himselfe; take thou

And that were much he sh

To sports, to wildenesse,

Treb. There is no fear

For he will liue, and laug

Let's kill him Boldly, but

Let's carue him, as a Dish

Not hew him as a Carcass

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To sports, to wildenesse,

Treb. There is no fear

For he will liue, and laug

Brut. Peace, count the

Cass. The Clocke hath

Treb. 'Tis time to part

Cass. But it is doubtf

Whether Caesar will con

For he is Superstitious gr

Quite from the maine O

Of Fantasie, of Dreames

It may be, these apparat

The vnaccustom'd Terro

And the perswasion of h

May hold him from the C

Decius. Neuer feare t

I can ore-sway him: For

That Vnicorne may be

And Beares with Glasses

Lyons with Toyles, and

But, when I tell him, he

He sayes, he does; being

Let me worke:

For I can giue his humo

And I will bring him

Cass. Nay, we will al

Brut. By the eight ho

Cin. Be that the vtter

Met. Caius Ligarius

Who rated him for spea

I wonder none of you h

Brut. Now good Cas

He loues me well, and I

Send him but hither, an

Cass. The morning c

Wee'll leaue you Brutus

And friends disperse yo

What you haue said, an

Brut. Good Gentler

Let not our looks put

But beare it as our Rom

With vntyrd Spirits, an

And so good morrow t

M

Boy: Lucius: Fast aslee

Enjoy the hony-heauy

Thou hast no Figures, n